

Devoted to the Interests of Women

Clubs Circles SOCIETY Suffrage Philanthropy

Revelations of a Wife
My Heart and My Husband

By Adele Garrison

I scrutinized Dicky's face furtively but thoroughly.

His words did not deceive me in the least. I knew that he had not forth a switchman's strike as the first thing which came into his head to offer as an explanation of Maj. Grantland's concern over something he thought it necessary to keep from me.

But there was the ring of truth in one thing he had said—that he believed Maj. Grantland was worrying unnecessarily over what had occurred. I was sure of that as I was that Dicky's real sentiments toward the army officer were expressed in his reference to him as a "regular grumpy."

The fact that my husband did not take whatever had happened seriously, and that Hugh Grantland did was no sedative for my nervous fears. The great love I bear Dicky doesn't blind me to the fact that his nature is a most volatile one, and always is optimistic. Hugh Grantland's judgment was far better, I knew, and I also realized that he would be able to keep his judgment uninfluenced by his feeling for me or any one else in the world.

But Dicky, whether intentionally or not, gave me no time for further thought on the matter.

"We're almost there, old dear," he said, "but you don't need to leave this spot until after the train stops. Grant's got some inside pull on railroad matters, believe me, and he has arranged to have the train wait until he can get the baggage back for wait opposite the door of this car. Then we can lift you from the steps to the automobile. Of course, it only means a delay of a minute or two at that. Grant's on the step now, ready to leap when the train stops, and as they're a million hours or so late already, nothing less than a half-hour counts with them. Are your things on?"

"All except my hat," I murmured faintly. "I could not stand the weight of that on my head until the last minute."

"Don't need to stand it at all," Dicky retorted promptly. "I'll take it. Give it to me."

"Oh, but Dicky!" I protested, my conventional soul horrified. "I couldn't go out of here and run the gamut of the passengers without any hat."

He looked at me quizzically. "Carry your little dictionary and your book on etiquette even when you're dying, don't you, old dear?" he said flippantly.

"Don't worry. You won't have to run a gamut. This room is the end of the car, so all the passengers will see of you is a flash as you turn the corner, and I told you that you didn't have to get off until all the others for this station had alighted. Excuse me just a minute. I'll hang this on somebody else's finger so that I can give my whole attention to you."

He started for the door. As he did so he drew a handkerchief from his pocket to stifle a sneeze. "I'll bet you live cookies to the hilt in a doughnut that I'm going to get a spring cold down here," he grumbled. "Haven't had one all winter where there's ice and snow. Can you beat it?"

I am afraid I paid no attention to his prediction of a cold. For I had seen what he had inadvertently drawn from his pocket with the handkerchief, and I feared he would turn his head in the direction of the door before leaving the room.

But he passed out unseeing, and the next minute I dropped to my

knees and knees and crawled weakly to the spot where he had been standing. Fervently I gathered up every scrap of the torn yellow paper which had fluttered from my husband's pocket when he drew out his handkerchief.

A telegraphic message of course! I had seen that the instant the first yellow fragment had fluttered down. Maj. Grantland must have brought it to Dicky, and my husband, after reading it, had torn it into scraps and thrust it into his pocket until he could find an opportunity for utterly destroying it. And then, Dicky-like, he had promptly forgotten all about it, and scattered it literally at my feet.

How I longed for time and opportunity to put the torn pieces together. On one scrap I read "York" and knew that the wire had been sent from New York city. On another the word "out," on still another "ous." But these were simply the ones turned opportunist to my eyes. I didn't dare take the time even to turn over any others.

How I ever got the strength to pick up each piece, leaving on tell-tale scrap behind, put the whole into the bosom of my dress, and get back to the coach I do not know. But accomplish it I did with a minute to spare before Dicky came back.

The remnants of my Puritan conscience, which seemed to have been badly shattered since my marriage, awakened clamorously as I struggled, panting with weakness, back to my berth after securing the last bits of the torn telegram Dicky had unconsciously scattered on the floor.

A telegram not addressed to me—whom my husband and one of my best friends evidently had agreed to keep from my knowledge—what was I doing with it?

I had my hand at my dress to throw the fragments back on the floor when Dicky's appearance at the door prevented the action. I could not put them back without his knowing that I had gathered them up, and this in my present state of nervousness was simply impossible to me.

"The train's slowing up for Aberdeen," he said, then nodded carelessly to the porter at his heels.

"Just take these things out with good care. You've been a good scout this trip."

He handed him a bill as he spoke, and the man's grin threatened to extend to the back of his neck.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir. I'll take care of them. I'll be back in a minute."

"Ought you not to be helping mother off the train with Junior?" I asked. "Remember, there's only father with her, for Alfred certainly must have his hands full with his mother and three girls."

"He has!" Dicky's reply was prompt, expressive. "Believe me, that lad's earning his honeymoon. Between his mother and Rita Brown he's certainly getting his. Lucky the kid's mother is his mother instead of his prospective mother-in-law. But he's managing everything beautifully, and your father has my mother eating out of his hand, so you needn't worry a bit. Dad is an old traveler, you ought to remember."

"Yes, I know, but I can't help worrying." The quick, nervous tears rose to my eyes as I spoke. Dicky trode to the side of the berth and picked me up bodily.

New Spring Chapeaux Given Wide
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Here are two ideas for you in spring hats. Both are being shown in fashion centers. The broad-brimmed cup hat is developed in satin straw braid in tortoise green with flat trimming of silk grapes in both deeper and paler shades of green. The smaller sport hat is made of stitched silk in navy blue and white.

"Don't do that," he pleaded whimsically. "The porter will think I've been beating you up."

I laughed involuntarily, which, of course, was what he intended, and he put me gently down again and went to the door.

"The train has stopped," he said. "I'll just give these passengers the once over, see how many there are getting off here."

He snapped off the light, and took his station by the door, which he opened only a crack, and peered out attentively. I saw that he had cunningly arranged his position so that only an unusually observant passenger could know there was any one watching, and I wondered at his sudden interest in his fellow-passengers. It was unlike Dicky to give any thought to casual neighbors unless they disturbed him.

A sudden disturbing thought struck me. He was acting for all the world as if he were watching for some face he knew, some one by whom he did not wish to be seen. My imagination described another fantastic scene. Had this scrutiny anything to do with the contents of the telegram?

Dicky turned abruptly from the door and put an effectual stop to my speculations with the announcement: "Everybody gone who's going to get off, and—here's Grantland, now," as a knock sounded on the door. Dicky opened it, and the army of-

icer bowed courteously to me. "Everything is ready now, Mrs. Grantland," he said as unhesitatingly as if he were not holding a whole train for my convenience. "Are you able to walk?"

Oh, yes! Thank you," I returned, and Dicky interposed with words that sounded queerly to my sharpened curiosity.

"Will you go ahead?" he said. "Grant is clear this side."

I fancied that I caught a significant look on Dicky's face, but Maj. Grantland's was distinctly "pokerish" as he replied:

"Very well, I'll just stand at the aisle here until you turn the corner, then I'll cut in ahead of you."

I blessed his thoughtfulness as I saw that his tall, massive figure standing between our door and the aisle effectually shut out any curious inspection of my faltering journey out of the door with Dicky's arms around me. I found that I was almost too weak to stand, but I managed to get around the corner into the corridor, where I found myself sinking into Dicky's arms, thoroughly spent.

"Here," I heard Maj. Grantland say roughly, "you must let me help you."

The next instant I felt myself lifted as if I were a baby and borne to the platform and down the train steps to a big limousine.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

"I love you," is still the sweetest sentence in the English language—but it has long since ceased to be a life-sentence.

When a man begins calling his wife new and pretty pet-names, it does not fill her with tenderness, but with suspicion, as to where he got the practice.

Every newly-married couple fancy they are going to write a brand new chapter in Book of Love, until they discover that there is no phase of the subject, on which Adam and Eve did not hold the first copyright.

When a man tells you that you are the only girl he ever loved, he may be right—but don't forget that you are "starting something," which it may take a lot of other girls to finish. Somebody has to be the first!

For most women, marriage is a legal contract, to devote three-quarters of their life, and energy to coaxing a man to get up mornings and persuading him to go to bed, evenings.

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Society's Latest Fad Makes
Social Mask a Reality



ARTIST HERMAN ROSSE AND ONE OF THE MASKS HE MAKES.

NEW YORK, April 2.—You've heard a lot about the social mask, of course.

Most every novel tells about it—the mask of guarded speech and immovable features as a protection against prying eyes and gossiping tongues.

But the social mask is now a reality in New York. Herman Rosse, an artist from Holland, makes them. He came to this country in 1917 to decorate the Dutch building at the San Francisco exposition for his government. Later he was head of the design book younger at the same time.

department of the Chicago Art institute.

Rosse began making masks for Yvette Guilbert, the actress.

"Make me something to give me the appearance of being young—as I looked years ago," she said.

That gave Rosse the big idea. Today he's turning out large numbers of these masks for New York women who wear them at less and other affairs.

"Some want pretty characteristics missing," says Rosse. "Others, however, demand masks that crystallize their personalities and make them."

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Get Rid
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If you are needlessly burdened with superfluous fat, read the following carefully. See how easily others have reduced by my simple and efficient method of fat reduction. Some have reduced over a pound a day. All this has been accomplished without resorting to diet or tedious exercise.

Miss O. WHITNEY writes: "I have lost 76 pounds as result of your treatment and have never felt so well in my life as I do now."

Mr. S. SANTER writes: "I have lost 70 pounds as result of taking your treatment. I feel better in every way. I can now take long walks without becoming tired or short of breath. I thank you very much for what you have done for me."

Miss E. HONAN writes: "Well, I am glad to inform you that I have lost 48 pounds in six weeks."

Miss C. FALKER says: "I thought I would let you know how I am getting along. I am feeling fine and have found the treatment pleasant to take at all times. I have not weighed, but my measurements show that I have reduced six inches from my bust, five inches from my waist, and 12 inches from my hips. Of course, I am pleased with the result."

I am a licensed practicing physician and personally prescribe for each individual case, thus enabling me to select remedies that will produce not only a loss of weight harmlessly, but will relieve you of all the troublesome symptoms of over-tousness such as shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, rheumatism, gout, asthma, kidney trouble and various other troubles which often accompany over-tousness.

My treatment will relieve that depressed, tired, sleepy feeling, giving you the renewed energy and vigor which come as a result of the loss of your superfluous fat. My treatment is the only scientific treatment known that will produce a loss of weight with positively no harm to the system.

You are not required to change in the slightest from your regular mode of living. There is no dieting or exercising that you have to follow. It is simple, easy and pleasant to take.

If you are over-tout do not postpone but sit down right now and send for my free trial treatment and my plan whereby I am to be paid only after reduction has taken place if you so desire.

DR. R. NEWMAN

Licensed Physician State of New York

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